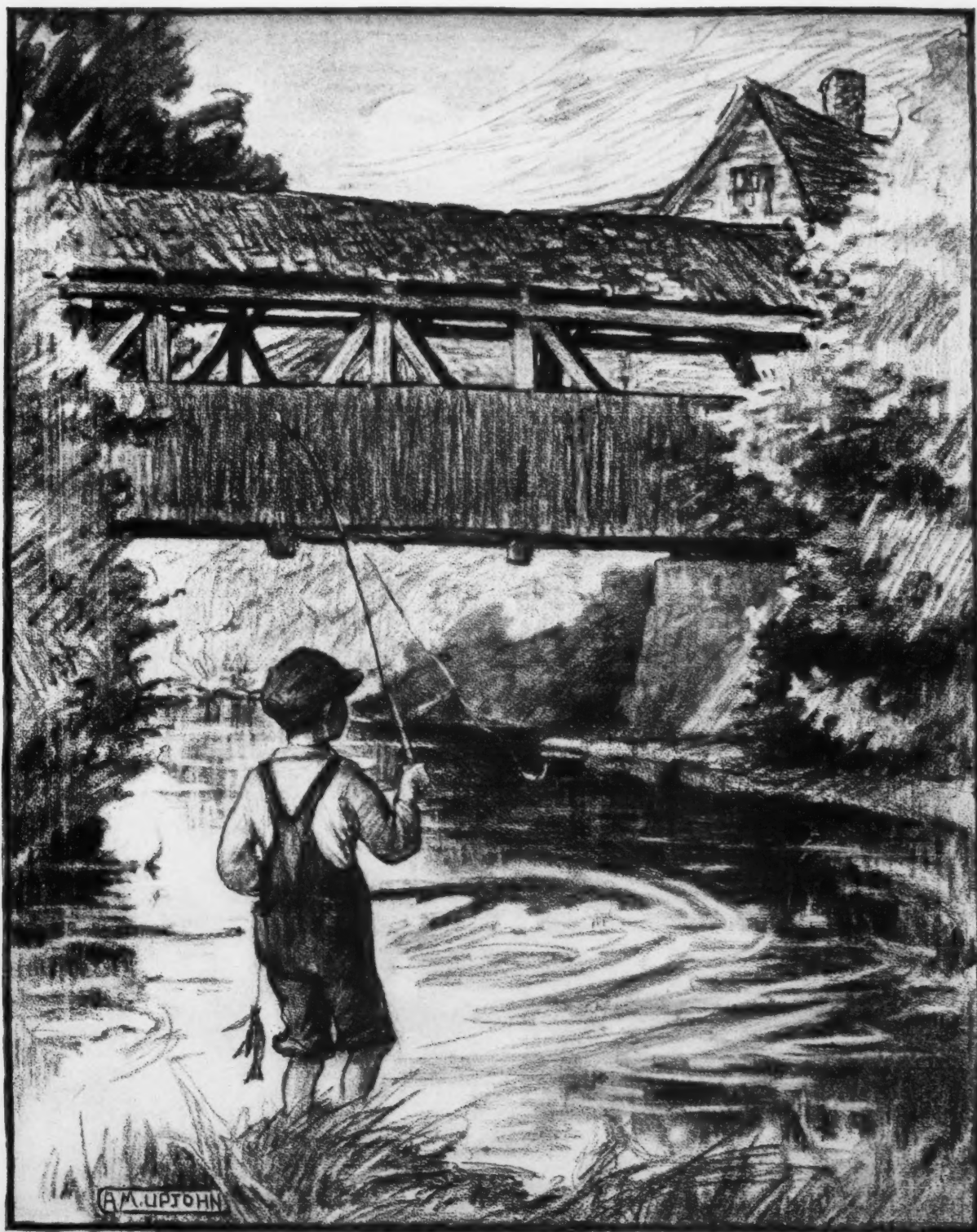


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
April 1926 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





As if by a spell the earth around
 was covered with small pale yellow flowers
 which cried aloud; "Spring! Spring!"
 And a troop of swallows which passed
 through the wood at that very moment
 alighted on the highest branches, and then
 took up their flight again, repeating:
 "Spring! Spring!" (See the *Legend of the Primrose*, page 141)

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The April News in the School

Geography: This month's News will make a number of far away places come alive for geography classes.

Hungary—"Thérèse Finds a Way," a true story of two real, live little girls, one in Hungary and one in Philadelphia, U. S. A., who found a way to interest schoolmates in friendship and service; "The Juniors of Györ," a report about other real, live Juniors with an active service program.

Jugoslavia—"The Calendar Picture for April."

Latvia, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia—"Easter Overseas."
Czechoslovakia, Costa Rica, Australia, Idaho—"Junior Doings."

Civics: In what ways are children in this country and all over the world demonstrating good citizenship? Pupils may look for examples in "Help Save the Wild Flowers," "Another Way," "The Juniors of Györ," "Thérèse Finds a Way," and "Junior Doings" in Albuquerque, Fremont, and Westchester County.

Composition: Original stories on pets may be inspired by the story of "Lucky the Linnet." Writing original fairy tales about early spring flowers with which the children are familiar may help to make Nature a living comrade.

Nature Study: Pupils will enjoy retelling the story of "Lucky the Linnet" and "A Legend of the Primrose." They may memorize "A Wild Flower Pledge" and "An Orchard Skirmish." They may read for class discussion "Help Save the Wild Flowers," and "Junior Doings" in Westchester County.

Health: Ideas for Fitness for Service will be found in "The Calendar Picture for April," "The Juniors of Györ," "Earning a Pin by Doing Nothing," and reports of "Junior Doings" in Prince Edward Island, Butler County, Fremont, and Costa Rico.

Auditorium: Material for a special health program may be found in "The Strongest Boy in the World" and in reports on health activities. A "House of Health" will make a good exhibit for May Day. "The Ark of Health" suggests an idea for original dramatization. Noah and his sons and daughters, representing mankind, take refuge in the Ark of Good Health from the floods of Sickness and Ill Health. Vegetables and wholesome foods are taken on board. As Noah and his family discuss which vegetables and foods shall be taken aboard, each of these (children in costume) presents his own case. Coffee and tea, with other undesirable articles of diet, are rejected. There is a grand march of mankind, with the good foods aboard the Ark, which is to ride the floods of Ill Health victoriously. Let the youngsters work out their own dialogue. We don't believe that Noah would mind this modern adaptation.

Developing Calendar Activities

Advertising Good Health on May Day

It might be well to let children peek ahead at the "Fitness for Service" section for May, since May Day would be a good time to start the race for establishing as habits health practices studied during the year. The inventory of gains made since September could also be posted as part of May Day exhibits.

Telling Stories to Little Brothers and Sisters

References which may be useful in learning to tell stories (Service in the Home) are: *Story Telling*, by Edna Lyman Scott; *Story Telling for Upper Grade Teachers*, by Allen Cross and Nellie Margaret Statler; *When Mother Lets Us Tell Stories*, by Enos B. Comstock; *Favorite Tales for Story Telling*, by Julia Darrow Cowles; *Worthwhile Stories for Every Day*, by Lawton B. Evans; *Educating by Story Telling*, by Katherine Dunlap Cather; *Short Stories and Anecdotes for Story Telling and Reproduction*, by Lincoln P. Goodhue; *How to Tell Stories to Children*, by Sarah Cone Bryant. Story telling may be extended to entertainment in hospitals and for shut-ins.

Special Days in April

Material for a Kindness to Animals campaign may be obtained from the *American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, 50 Madison Avenue, New York City. Besides special leaflets, each dealing with a particular kind of pet (dog, cat, squirrel, bird, etc.) two very useful manuals are *The Poster Primer* and *Lessons for Teaching Humane Education in Elementary Schools*. Each of these is listed at 25c. for single copies and 15c. in quantities of six or over to schools.

The Wild Flower Preservation Society has headquarters at 3740 Oliver Street, Washington, D. C.

Again we should like the pupils, or at least the teachers, to peek ahead and begin plans for the observance of World Good Will Day, May 18. Three books which may be useful in this connection are *Boys and Girls in Other Lands*, by Mary Theodora Whitley, Abington Press, New York, 1924; *Projects in World Friendship*, by John Leslie Lobingier, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1925, and "Through the Gateway," Volume I of *Books of Goodwill*, National Council for Prevention of War, 532 Seventeenth St., Washington, D. C. The first of these, written by a specialist in child psychology, presents information about other lands in an interesting manner. The second gives some useful story material, lists of books, and projects, some of which can be adapted for school use. The third is an anthology of story and verse, designed to build the attitude of friendliness and understanding toward people of other lands. There are suggested projects and references to sources of material.

World-Wide Goodwill Projects

THE factor which gives "heart, soul, and deep purpose" to the Junior Red Cross, it has been frequently remarked, is the sense of membership in a world-wide organization. Through the mechanism provided by Red Cross Societies, the members in all countries are kept actively informed of what happens in the Junior Red Cross of other countries. School correspondence makes it possible for children of forty-five countries to write each other of what they are doing. Junior Red Cross magazines in more than twenty countries extend the usefulness of school correspondence by publishing for all schools significant letters, and inform the membership of services performed by their fellows throughout the world.

The Contagion of Goodwill

There are numerous examples of the way in which the wholesome infection spreads. United States Juniors no longer have a monopoly on the pleasure of sending Christmas gifts to children of other lands. Porto Rico, Greece, Belgium, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia have all claimed some share in this project. Mother's Day, which American Juniors have written about in their letters, and which American workers have told about abroad, has become "a recognized Junior activity" in four other countries. Exhibits of Junior Red Cross productions and building up of school museums are a natural corollary to international correspondence. From the need for Service Funds have come school entertainments and fêtes, marionette plays, theatricals, bazaars for Junior production, raising and sale of flowers, thrift study and school savings banks.

The Health Game has branched into many activities. Besides the personal observance of health practices, there has been practice of First Aid, or as the phrase sometimes comes back to us in translation, "First Assistance." Making Health posters and health notebooks; writing health plays; improving the hygienic environment of school, home, and community; maintaining playgrounds, summer vacation camps and health colonies; starting school gardens, school baths, school breakfasts; conducting anti-tuberculosis and anti-malaria campaigns—all these are found in reports of several and in some cases of many countries.

"Major" Service Projects for Various Countries

In each country the specific need has become the special opportunity. In Greece service to refugees has been a specialty, as has the anti-malaria campaign. The latter activity has been executed in a thoroughgoing manner. Junior groups, acting upon information carried through posters, have drained small ponds, kept an oil film on larger bodies of water where anopheles mosquitoes breed, and have provided medicine for children suffering from malaria. These efforts have already resulted in a decrease in the number suffering from the disease.

In Canada the government has entrusted to Juniors the responsibility for finding and reporting crippled children in need of corrective treatment, and Junior Service Funds have in a large number of cases been instrumental in providing such treatment.

In the Philippines, the program of dental help has been stressed. In May, 1925, it was reported: "There are now 74 clinics, 7 in Manila and 67 in the provinces. These latter penetrate to the farthestmost corners of the island, across the forests and over mountains and settle for a few days at a time in the most populous centers. In

this manner more than 300,000 children have been given urgent treatment and numbers of adults have received free care by Junior Red Cross dentists." It was here that sufferers in the leper colonies were given dental help. Constructive work supplementing this corrective treatment included a report on the need and value of dental care, published for parents, instruction in the care of the mouth, and distribution of tooth brushes.

In Hungary, the Junior Red Cross brought a renaissance to the dying art of embroidering, providing instruction and getting the work into the schools. Here playgrounds have also been a specialty. Following a course of instruction for teachers, a manual was published and distributed through the National Council of Physical Education. And, combining this health activity with the preservation of another art, a project was launched for the collection of old Hungarian folk dances and games, for a handbook of folklore which should become a contribution to Red Cross publications on play.

In Poland the growing and sale of medicinal herbs is a natural project. In Norway, a happy service has been the delivery of medicine to outposts, *via skis*.

A catalog of other activities would include reforestation, excursions, international conferences of children, anti-illiteracy campaigns, maintenance of centers for parents and children, school libraries, orchestras, manual training workshops, bookbinding, making and remodeling garments for the needy, assuming special responsibility for handicapped children or old people or for whole schools or other institutions. The story is one with which we can never catch up. Before all the services reported could be tabulated, more would be under way.

The Children Are the Doers

To an encouraging degree it is the children who furnish the motive power for these activities in a majority of the countries. "In Poland," says a report of the League of Red Cross Societies, "the Junior Red Cross is notably a movement emanating from the child." In Belgium and Latvia the children have been given an active part in formulating the policies, both of their magazines and their program. In the latter country auxiliaries report that committees of members are appointed to look after their various activities. From Greece comes an instance of a "scholars' club," with the activities directed by pupils. In Albania, the famous Boys' School at Tirana has its self-government system, publishes its own magazine, and encourages student initiative to a degree exceptional in any but our most progressive United States schools. From Czechoslovakia comes a typical report: "A girl member writes that in each class they have elected health monitors, overseers, advisers, treasurers, and accountants."

Thus, in almost 50 countries, upwards of 10,000,000 members of the Junior Red Cross are expressing through their lives the spirit of service and world-wide friendship. This spirit is summed up in a verse written and autographed by the Empress of Japan for the Junior Red Cross of that nation:

"In all the countries of the world,
With carefully cultivated friendship,
Let us assist those who are desolate,
That upon them may descend
The light dew of happiness, which is
so much desired."



The women wore wide, brightly flowered skirts, knitted shawls of rainbow hues, and peaked velvet caps

Thérèse Finds A Way

TWO brisk, bony horses drawing a blue wagon jingled into the market place of Mezokovezd and stopped.

Thérèse climbed down, carefully holding the full skirts of her best clothes from the wheel. Then she reached up for the big bundle which the countryman who had brought her handed down. When she had hoisted it to her shoulder she looked like a small copy of the women turning away from the square, each with a burden on her back.

Only the women wore peaked velvet caps, whereas Thérèse's small, sleek head was bare. Her hair was not bobbed, but pulled back from her face with a bow on top of her head and another at the end of her thin pigtail. She wore a wide, brightly flowered skirt with rows of narrow black ribbon above the flounce and a knitted shawl of rainbow hues crossed in front and tied behind.

Glancing across the deserted market place with its drifts of dust and hay, she saw her mother running toward her, and in a moment they were in each other's arms, laughing and crying. Thérèse had been away all summer, and for the first time in her life. In that Hungarian village there were many grown men and women who had never left their homes, so that for Thérèse to have gone to D— was almost as much of an event as for one of us to take a first trip to Europe.

The Story of a Real Little Girl Told by Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrations by the Author

She had come back brimming with new experiences.

Thérèse and her mother followed a lane opening off the square. It was a twisty lane, seeming to run endlessly between high gray walls which hid everything behind them except the shaggy thatches and the network of well-sweeps which crisscrossed against the sky. They turned through one of the gateways, also topped with thatch and painted with faded birds and flowers, and Thérèse gave a cry of joy as she found herself in the familiar courtyard. On one side stood the low stone cow barn, on the other the little house lifted its bobbed head above the enclosure. There were flowers in the windows, and warm colored jugs hanging against the plastered walls.

A pear tree trained over the door was heavy with fruit. Ducks paddled in the water trough, and over all the well-sweep threw its high protecting arm. Like the other houses in Mezokovezd, Thérèse's home was full of beautiful, old things. The walls were hung with plates painted with tulips and apples and strange birds. There was fine embroidery on the bed linen and pillows heaped to the ceiling, and the furniture was painted with stags and peacocks, trees and flowers, so that the room glowed like a page from a richly colored book. The village cherished some of the most ancient customs and the oldest craft work of Hungary. The people

looked with suspicion and often with scorn on any new thing. "We are the true Hungarians," they said pridefully.

So when Thérèse told of her life in D— her classmates, though interested, listened doubtfully. "How queer!" they would exclaim and they usually added, "Our way is the best."

What loomed largest in Thérèse's new world was the discovery of the Junior Red Cross. The friend she had visited in D— belonged to a unit which was paying the scholarship of a boy in an industrial school. Thérèse was amazed that children should undertake so big a thing and find a way to do it. And she was thrilled with the feeling of friendship the work brought, not only toward the boy they were helping, but toward the millions of young people the world over who were trying to be of use, and were looking to each other for understanding and kindness.

"But why did you help him?" asked the bewildered girls of Mezokovezd. "He doesn't belong to you."

"Oh yes he does," said Thérèse, "when you get into the Junior Red Cross everybody belongs to you." What she meant was, we are all friends, and you always help your friends, don't you?

"How did you get the money?" they asked.

"Oh, we picked strawberries and sold them, and weeded gardens and watered lawns, and the boys ran errands and painted fences and killed potato bugs. Some of them raised pigs and chickens, and we all made things for our bazaar; carved garden stakes, and made jams, fancy bags and boxes, wash cloths and embroideries. When we sold them in the autumn we found we had enough to send Albrecht to school and a little over for clothes."

But though impressed, her friends had no desire to start a Junior chapter in Mezokovezd. "We don't need it here," they said simply.

"I'll be it all by myself then," said Thérèse with a flash of defiance, and she undertook the care of a neighbor's baby for an hour every day.

The weeks passed by and the cold autumn mists drew their curtains around Mezokovezd, shutting out the great stubble fields which billowed toward the horizon like waves of a brown sea. On the edge of the common the village goose girl shivered, huddling her arms under her shawl. Inside, the tight little houses grew hot and stuffy, for the tiny windows were never opened. Under their pale light women in pointed caps bent over

the gorgeous patterns worked on black for which Mezokovezd is famous.

Then one day there came news of an American lady who was making pictures in the village for the Junior Red Cross in her country.

Thérèse made a quick decision. Choosing a bright piece from her own embroideries she carried it shyly but bravely to the foreign lady. "I am *all* the Junior Red Cross there is in this place," she said apologetically, "but Mezokovezd wants to be friends with America. Will you take this to some little girl you know over there?" And the lady promised, as she set off for Budapest.

A week later the Junior Red Cross Christmas Bazaar opened in Budapest.

It was a beautiful display of toys, bookbinding, children's clothes, fancy articles in wood, leather and cardboard; above all, there was a wealth of lovely embroideries. Each school had a large table for its exhibit and each was working for its special project. One school was helping a fellow Junior through the normal course, another was supplying clothes for a children's home, a third had already bought a piece of ground on Lake Balaton and was earning money to equip a summer camp there. But half the profits were kept to buy materials for the next year's work.

By special invitation Thérèse's square of vivid handwork was given a place on one of the tables. It blazed out all by itself. Everyone stopped to examine it. Even the Archduke who opened the bazaar stooped over it with interest as he heard its story.

"We must see that Mezokovezd has its Junior Red Cross," said

the director gravely.

At length Thérèse's gift went to a thoughtful child who lived in Philadelphia. Elisabeth was eleven years old. She was beginning to dream of the peoples and places of other lands. Now with the story of Thérèse, and her gift, Hungary sprang into life for her.

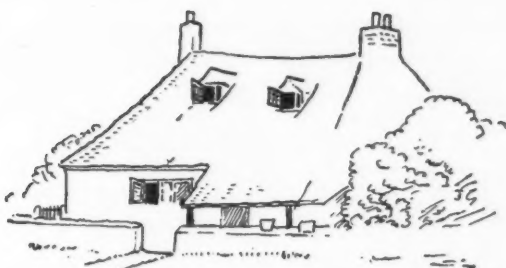
"Why can't we *all* be friends of Thérèse and learn something about Mezokovezd?" asked her classmates. "Let's make up a little box for her." And they did, with some presents and a breezy letter. And Thérèse and her friends in Mezokovezd warmed to the friendly interest of Philadelphia, U. S. A. They immediately looked it up on the map, and many a brown finger tip pressed the dot which stood for the city, with a feeling of friendship and growing interest. And so when the field worker from Budapest arrived she found Mezokovezd ready for the ranks of the Junior Red Cross.



Thérèse undertook the care of a neighbor's baby for an hour every day

Our House

Helen Reid Cross



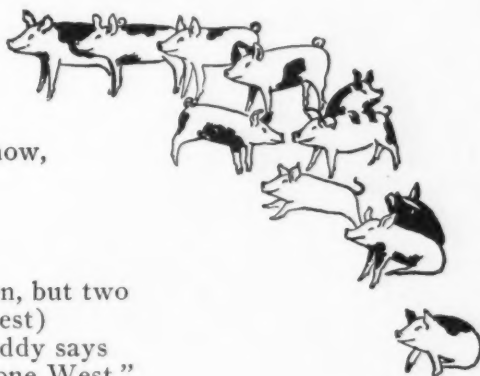
Our House—the one we live in—
Has the back door at the front:
As you come across the farmyard
You can hear the old pigs grunt.

You hear the old ones grunt, you know,
The little ones just squeak.
Our thirteen tiny pibald pigs
Came all at once last week!

At least there were thirteen, but two
(The two we liked the best)
Have disappeared, and Daddy says
He thinks they have "gone West."

So if you children over there,
Who live across the sea,
Find two small pigs—just pack them up,
And post them back to me.

—Poem and illustration reprinted from the British Junior Red Cross Journal.



The Legend of the Primrose

Told by the Scuola Elementare of Stradella, Italy

A LONG time ago, fairy Spring went down to the woods and issued her summons. They used her ill and nobody answered.

All the plants wanted to sleep on that year and they feigned not to hear the call like some children who do not wish to get up in the morning when their mother says to them to get up in order to go to school. . . . Fairy Spring lost patience and struck the ground with her bare foot, a little angrily. Then she felt under the dry leaves which covered the ground something cool. She bent down to see what it was and she saw a small flower of pale yellow color like the tender hair of a baby, which sprouted out from earth and tried to caress her foot. "Who are you?" asked the fairy a little sadly.

"I don't know, I have no name," answered the trembling little flower. "I was sound asleep in my bed of moss when I heard the

call. . . . I have driven the sleep away and have come out." "Bravo!" whispered fairy Spring, bending and caressing the pale petals. "In reward for your obedience you will bear my name and will be charged with the awakening of all the woods."

As if by a spell the earth around was covered with small, pale yellow flowers which cried aloud: "Spring! Spring!" and they crept in among the hedges and bent to whisper their call among the roots of the old trees. Very soon the wood was full of life. Sap gushed out and green buds burst forth from the countless branches; small plants took root among the moss. The small yellow flowers did not leave a single plant resting. . . . To the laziest they proclaimed: "Spring! Spring!" And a troop of swallows which passed through the wood at that very moment alighted on the highest branches, and then took up their flight again, repeating in the air: "Spring! Spring!"



"Come here, my good man," said the Queen, "and tell me if you can, why one should buy your wares"

The Strongest Boy in the World

ACT I

Louise Franklin Bache

Illustrations by Blanche Greer

Scene: A Court Room. Double throne, with KING's throne chair on the left and QUEEN's on the right. PAGE enters and advances to center of stage; blows trumpet. The QUEEN enters walking very pompously. The KING follows with head held high. At their Majesties' entrance the PAGE bows low until the KING and QUEEN have been seated.

KING (addressing the QUEEN): To-day is a remarkable occasion, my dear. Our son has been judged the strongest boy in all the world. Think what that means to the kingdom. There is not a Court anywhere that can make such a boast. I tell you I am the happiest Crowned Head in the world.

QUEEN (who has drawn out her knitting and is now busily engaged with her needles): And I am the next proudest Crowned Head.

KING: It certainly has paid, my dear, to teach health to our son. No one will gainsay us that.

(Enter the VEGETABLE MAN with a large tray of vegetables strapped around his neck.)

VEGETABLE MAN (bowing low before the KING and QUEEN): Good health to your Majesties this happy day. May good news ever come your way.

KING and QUEEN (together): Good health to the Vegetable Man.

VEGETABLE MAN: I peddle vegetables fresh and sound, the best to be found the town around.

QUEEN: Vegetables I never buy, unless the dealer can tell why, they are good for boys like my son. I do not spend my money for fun.

CHARACTERS

KING
QUEEN
PRINCE
TUTOR

PAGE
VEGETABLE MAN
FRUIT MAN
MILK MAN

VEGETABLE MAN (bowing): That, your Majesty, I will gladly do if you will rest your eyes upon this tray I carry.

Once hundreds of years ago, before there was such a kingdom as yours or such wise Majesties, there lived four boys who fell captive to a mighty and powerful ruler. So strongly built were the lads and withal so courteous that they were sent to the King's palace to be trained for his royal guard. The enemy King was a kindly man. He desired to do all he could to make his captives comfortable and happy. He sent them rich portions of food and drink from the royal table. The Courtier who brought them to the boys was astonished when the eldest of the lads requested that they be brought only simple fare, and by simple fare he said he meant among other things plenty of vegetables.

"I dare not bring you such humble food," the Courtier replied. "My master would be exceedingly angry, should it come to his ears."

"If you bring what I ask and say nothing," said the eldest of the captives, "you need have no worry but what your master will be pleased in the end."

The Courtier did as the lad bade him. Weeks passed and when the captives were assembled before the King, of all the mighty throng he picked the four boys—the heroes of my tale.

"These boys," he said, "will I take as my head guardsmen, for they are the strongest and the most comely." And the Courtier who stood near marvelled greatly saying, "If from such simple fare comes so

much strength, surely the people of my land should hear the story."

And so from that day to this the value of vegetables has gone out through all the world.

So ends my tale. What may I sell your Majesties? Carrots? Spinach? Asparagus? Peas? String Beans? Beets? Celery? Tomatoes? Onions?—

KING (*interrupting*): All of your vegetables we will try. Everything you carry we will buy. You have sold your goods by your story.

QUEEN: All his life my son has been fed on vegetables. 'Tis a secret every one should know who would have both happiness and health.

VEGETABLE MAN (*bows again and leaves stage, calling*): Vegetables, vegetables, who will buy? Vegetables, vegetables, who will try.

(*From the opposite side of stage the FRUIT MAN enters, carrying a tray.*)

FRUIT MAN: Apples and oranges I sing. Fruits of all kinds I bring.

QUEEN (*putting on her spectacles*): Come here, my good man, tell me, if you can, why one should buy your wares. So many peddlers come to sell. It is very hard to tell, what is good for one and what is not.

KING: When the Queen buys, she wishes to know if the article brings with it health. Pray tell us, Mr. Fruit Man, of your wares.

FRUIT MAN: That I will, and gladly.

Once upon a time the whole world was a great garden. In it were planted many wonderful things for man. Chief among them was an apple tree. This shows the importance that was attached even in the beginning of things to fruit, your Majesties. Of all the foods made by the Creator none surpasses fruit in shape and color. Fruit is unequalled as an appetizer. It keeps the skin clear and the body-house in good condition. Young and old alike both enjoy and gain benefit from it.

KING: We will buy your fruit. Pray leave it in the pantry-way.

QUEEN (*politely*): And come again another day.

FRUIT MAN (*bows and leaves stage, crying*): Apples, oranges, who will buy? Fruit, fruit, who will try?

(*Enter the MILK MAN. He carries a tray of bottled milk. He walks to and fro across the platform calling his wares.*)

MILK MAN: Who will buy milk; fresh, sweet milk; clean, pure milk? Milk, the song of all the sages! Milk which has brought health through all the ages! Who will buy? Who will try?

QUEEN: You have told us the value of milk. So we will buy, we will buy.

KING: Milk is the greatest of all foods. No other food can take its place. Any boy or girl who doesn't drink, at least a quart of milk a day, is in great disgrace in my Kingdom.

QUEEN: But it is written in the constitution that it must be good milk and clean milk and tested milk or I'll not give it to my son, the apple of my eye.

KING: The Queen is right. The best is none too good for children. The best is the only milk we'll buy.

MILK MAN: I carry milk that has passed a test. You need not be afraid. It is the best, the best.

KING: We'll purchase all the milk you have. Leave it in the pantry-way.

QUEEN: Come again another day.

MILK MAN (*passes off stage, crying*): Milk, milk, the children's friend. Who will buy? Who will buy?

(*A great tumult is heard off stage. Enters a boy as plainly out of humor as he is out of breath. It is his Highness, the Royal Prince, the STRONGEST-BOY-IN-THE-WORLD.*)

STRONGEST-BOY-IN-THE-WORLD (*stamping his foot in rage*): I won't, I won't, I won't, never again will I.

QUEEN: Won't what, my dear? (*PRINCE's tutor appears, his cap awry and spectacles on the end of his nose.*)

TUTOR: Oh, your Majesties, the Prince is in a terrible humor. He says he never wants to hear the word "health" again. He never wants to live up to any of its rules. He won't eat what he is told to eat. He won't go to bed when he should. It is really shocking, your Majesties. And he used to be so good.

STRONGEST-BOY: I don't see any sense in this health business. I am strong. Everybody says so. People call me the strongest boy in the world. Why should I go on practicing silly rules, I'd like to know. (*As the PRINCE speaks he goes through certain gymnastic exercises to show the strength of his muscles, turning a handspring at the end.*)

KING AND QUEEN (*together*): How very sad! How very bad!

TUTOR (*with watch in hand*): It's time for the Prince to go to bed this minute, your Majesties, and still he says he will not.

STRONGEST-BOY: I don't need to sleep. I'm the strongest boy in the world. I can do as I please.

KING: Princes will be princes. Let him do as he wishes. Experience is a good teacher though often a hard one.

STRONGEST-BOY (*dancing about stage*): Hurray! Hurray! I'm free, I'm free! No more health rules for me, for me! (*dances off stage followed by the QUEEN weeping violently, the KING blowing his nose in great grief and the TUTOR last of all wringing his hands in despair.*)

ACT II

Scene: Same as in Act I.

Time: Six months later.

PAGE enters in same manner as in Act I and blows trumpet. He is followed by the KING and QUEEN, who instead of strutting pompously, come in very slowly and



The Prince turned a handspring just to show how strong he was

sadly. Even the PAGE has lost his sprightliness. The KING and QUEEN mount throne. QUEEN begins to cry.

KING: Don't cry, my dear. Princes will be princes, you know.

QUEEN (*between sobs*): How can I stop crying when our son and heir once known as the strongest boy in the world is now as weak and whining as a kitten?

TUTOR (*rushes in and bows low*): His Royal Highness, the Prince is coming. (*Enter the PRINCE, on crutches. Every movement he makes shows how weak he is. QUEEN sobs more loudly than before.*)

KING (*sadly*): Good morning, my son, how do you do today?

STRONGEST-BOY-IN-THE-WORLD: As poorly as ever, thank you, sir.

KING (*in effort to be stern*): You have no one to blame but yourself for the way you feel.

QUEEN: And they used to call you the strongest boy in the world six months ago. (*Falls to weeping again.*)

STRONGEST-BOY: Guess I do look rather down and out, but anyway I have learned a thing or two.

KING (*leaning anxiously forward*): Explain your words, my son.

STRONGEST-BOY: I told you once that I was the strongest boy in the world and because of that I could do as I wished.

KING: Well!

QUEEN: Well!

TUTOR: Well!

STRONGEST-BOY (*slowly*): I have found out that I am mistaken. A boy may have all the strength in the world and yet unless he has the right kind of wisdom—and by wisdom I mean knowing and doing the things which will keep him both well and strong—he is no better off than though he were a mere stupid weakling.

QUEEN (*drying her eyes*): I am so happy! Now the newspapers can publish the fact that we have not only the strongest boy in the world for a son but the wisest as well.

TUTOR and PAGE (*bowing low and murmuring*): The strongest and wisest Prince in the world.

STRONGEST-BOY (*handing crutches to TUTOR*): Take these crutches away, I shall not need them any longer. I am going to practice the rules of health again and anyone who tries to make me forget them will have his head chopped off. (*Draws a book from his pocket and begins to study it intently.*)

KING and QUEEN (*arise from throne hastily and in great glee surround the PRINCE. Together*): Hurray, for the Prince! Long may he live! (*KING takes one arm of the PRINCE, the QUEEN the other.*)

STRONGEST-BOY (*begins to read from a book as the group moves slowly off stage*): I promise to sleep long hours each night with my windows open; to brush my teeth after each meal; to drink as much milk as possible, but no tea or

coffee. I promise to eat more vegetables and fruit every day and to drink at least four glasses of water a day. I shall take a full bath more than once a week and play part of every day out of doors, and in all other ways I can I shall live up to the rules of health as they are written in the Constitution of our Land.

(*As the PRINCE reads the last sentence the little group slowly leaves stage, the KING and QUEEN interestedly following the PRINCE in his reading. They are followed by the TUTOR, then the VEGETABLE MAN crying, "Vegetables, vegetables, who will buy. Vegetables, vegetables, who will try;" the FRUIT MAN crying, "Apples and oranges I sing, fruits of all kinds I bring;" the MILK MAN crying, "Who will buy milk, fresh, sweet milk; clean, pure milk." Last of all in the procession comes the PAGE blowing his trumpet.*)

The Water-Lily

ONCE a big bright star shone down every night from the deep blue heavens. One ray glided over the meadows and the bowed little flower heads, nodding in their sleep, another pierced the dreamy wood, a third lovingly touched the foreheads of slumbering children. Men going homewards late in the night were led by the glimmer of the star and the sleepless were comforted by it.

One evening the star was attracted by the moon goddess Luna wandering in the sky. As if bewitched, he forgot earth and mankind. He saw only her, passing along in her silver dress. Toward morning she turned her face toward him and a nameless happiness shook him. "How I love you," he murmured. But she had vanished in the dawn.

Next evening he was in the sky before her. "The light of our good star trembles," said the men on the earth, not knowing that he was filled with longing for Luna. At last she appeared in her bright beauty. But she remained at a distance. The star did not know that Luna cannot be reached by any of his kind and his longing grew more and more as every night she moved farther off.

Discouraged, he turned his look toward the earth. Suddenly he perceived Luna swinging on the waves of a quiet lake. "There, she is waiting for me," he cried, and started toward her. He was falling and falling. A bright band marked his way. He reached the lake eager to embrace Luna, but he only embraced the dark flood which had reflected her image. The waves of the lake soothed him. His silver rays became pale leaves and his tears stiffened to golden dust. And when the morning sun arose, there was resting on the flood—the water-lily.—L. NADERER in the Austrian Junior Red Cross Magazine.



"Lucky" the Linnet

"LUCKY" is a linnet with a history. She is the mascot of the Gene Stratton-Porter Boys' Bird Club of San Diego, California, and her master, Dwight Bayles, president of the club, often takes her on visits to the public schools and tells her story. Last year, when the bird club trimmed its annual Christmas tree for the birds about San Diego, Lucky was the star attraction. She hopped about among the guests, her bright eyes twinkling with enjoyment. A free lunch shelf was placed for her near the tree from which she helped herself now and then to one of her favorite hemp seeds. Then, too, she had a place on the program and appeared to know that she was a very important personage—second only to the great naturalists and writer-folk who are always present at the "Birds' Christmas Party" in San Diego.

This is Dwight's story of Lucky:

"Several years ago a lady gave me a hen canary. From the very first she was the family favorite. I guess we took pity on her because she is such a queer looking bird; she has no tail feathers and she is bald. We tried giving her a tonic, but feathers never grew on her head or tail. She can sing, though, which is rare for a hen canary. We knew she was a hen because she was always trying to build a nest. She would tear strips of paper from the bottom of her cage and try to fix it between the bars. We gave her a little pasteboard box and some string, cotton and yarn and she spent lots of time fixing it. Sometimes she would sit for two or three days on nothing. When nesting-time came I gave Lady-bird a mate, a beautiful yellow canary with a black top-knot. She built a lovely nest of cotton and red and pink yarn. She laid four blue eggs spotted with brown, but they did not hatch. She tried three times. Finally I took her mate away, but she went on building her nest and now and then laying an egg.

"I bought her mate another hen and while the pair were building Lady-bird flew back and forth in her cage and chirped and chirped until she got on the family's nerves. I felt so sorry for her that I took an egg from a wild linnet's nest in our honeysuckle and gave it to her. She hopped on the edge of her nest, cocked her eye to one side and looked at the egg, then turned it over with her beak, flew down to the seed cup, ate a few seeds, then hurried back and settled down to brood. Since she had no mate to sing to her she would often sing very low to herself. She was so afraid that something would happen to the egg that she would not get off

Maude Wood Henry

when anyone was around, and if we wished to see it we had to lift her off.

"One day the little bird hatched. It was very tiny, with a bit of white down about its wings and head. Lady-bird was so happy and more careful than ever about letting us see it. I put the yolk of a hard-boiled egg and nestling food in the cage with the seed and water, which Lady-bird would first take herself and then feed to her baby. Even after the linnet was ready to leave the nest, if Lady-bird thought anyone was watching she would try to sit on the baby. But Lucky didn't like that and would squirm around and stick her little head out. She was black and brown and Lady-bird must have known her child was not a canary, but she didn't seem to mind. When Lucky first left the nest Lady-bird grew so excited and chirped so loudly

that our landlady came up to see what was wrong. You could tell Lucky was a spoiled child because she would cry to be fed and Lady-bird would feed her, even when Lucky was past the baby stage and bigger than her foster mother. But at last Lady-bird began to teach Lucky to crack her own seeds; she would take a seed and give it to her without cracking it and finally Lucky learned to crack them.

"Lucky was very fond of the swing in the cage and would sit swinging in it for hours. Lady-bird liked it, too, but gave up to the linnet. Lucky could not sing very well at first but soon imitated the

other canary and improved. It was a long time, though, before she would take a bath, but after watching the other canary take his, she finally followed his example.

"I now have Lucky in a large out-of-door cage where she can enjoy the sunshine. I had quite a scare when I moved her into her new home. She slipped through my fingers and flew off over the back fence. I stood speechless for some time, then began calling her name. Suddenly she gave a little scream and came flying toward me with a butcher-bird not far behind. Lucky was not used to flying and her strength gave out. As she fluttered to the ground about three feet from me, the butcher-bird flew away and I picked up Lucky—a very tired and frightened little bird. She never has tried to get away since.

"Lucky has a pretty little song now; I cannot tell you what it is like except that it is made up partly from her little canary mate's and partly from her wild brothers.' When spring comes again I hope to raise some birds from Lucky and her mate—Joy."



"Lucky" and her master

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*O, sweet wild April came over the hills;
He skipped with the winds and he tripped with the rills;
His raiment was all of the daffodils.
Sing hi, sing hey, sing ho!*

—William Force Stead

EASTER OVERSEAS

ON PALM SUNDAY," write the pupils of the public school of Malava, Latvia, "we decorate our rooms with willows, or willows. With these willows we tap the people and animals and wish they may grow as round as willow stems. Some people say, 'Promise an egg, promise an egg! Then I will not beat you.' The grown-ups hang swings in the trees and swing in them with the children. The old people say this prevents mosquitoes in summer."

On Easter Sunday in the district of Walachia, in eastern Moravia, the children bind a sack of straw on a stick with bands of straw. Then they form a "Mary" with sleeves, frock and apron, a red shawl, a cap and an ornamental bodice. The boys go off ahead and make a bonfire and the girls follow with the "Mary," turning it about and singing:

"We carry forth Mary, anointed with oil,
Beautiful is she, red above and white beneath.
Mary, Mary, where have you put the keys?
I gave them, I gave them unto Saint George
To open the gates of Paradise for us;
I gave them, I gave them unto Saint John
To open the gates of Heaven for us. . . ."

Singing, they mount a hill where they take off the clothes from the "Mary," and throw the sack on the bonfire. On the stick they fasten the top of a young fir tree adorned with ribbons, and this they call the "Maypole." The garments taken from the figure are put on it and the procession returns with it to the village, singing and dancing all the way. The pole is fastened

in the gable of a house and at night some of the boys try to take it, but others guard it and are much laughed at if they allow any one to steal it away.

One of the happiest days for little girls in Bulgaria is Lazaritzu, the Saturday before Palm Sunday. Early in the morning they go out prettily dressed, with small baskets on their arms, and visit the homes of their friends and relatives. They sing the national songs and dance national dances, after which they are given Easter eggs and gifts.

A WILD FLOWER PLEDGE

It's Wild Flower Day throughout the land,
Let's join the wild flower savers' band
And pledge ourselves to nature's cause
By helping to observe her laws;
Let's show our love for everything
That blooms to pleasure us in spring,
By plucking with the greatest care
Our wild bouquets, and leave a share
Of flowers so that they can seed
And germinate for next year's need;
Let's pledge ourselves to leave the roots
And all the tender budding shoots,
So they can grow for other Mays
And gladden other Wild Flower Days;
Let's leave a heritage of joys
For flower-loving girls and boys,
Who in the years to come will bless
Us for our care and thoughtfulness.

EARNING A PIN BY DOING NOTHING

THAT seems a funny way to earn a Junior membership. Yet that is exactly how a little girl in Massachusetts earned hers. You see, she was not very strong and it was most important that she lie down every day for a long rest. She hated to be out of things and it was hard for her to do this. When the Juniors were organizing in her room at school she asked her mother what she could do to get her pin. Her mother said that nothing would help her so much as to have her daughter take the needed rest cheerfully and faithfully every day. And so for doing just nothing at all for a certain time every day the child was given her Junior button.

ANOTHER WAY

HELEN IDDINGS, of Petaluma, California, earned hers in another way. She wrote about it to the supervisor of rural schools in her county:

MY DEAR MISS RICHARDS:

I want to get a Junior Red Cross button. This is the work I am doing.

I have a school key given to me by Miss Selmore, because I get to school at eight o'clock. As soon as I arrive at school I put up the flag, raise all the shades and two windows. The fire is all prepared and I light it and keep sticks in it so the school will be warm.

I like to do it because it is for the teacher and the other children. The other children have to walk so far that they are often very tired and sometimes their feet are wet.

I am in the low fourth grade.

Your little friend,

HELEN IDDINGS.



Hungarian Village Children

The Juniors of Györ

ONE of the oldest towns in Hungary is Györ.* It was founded long ago as a fortified place by the Romans at the point where the Raab River flows into the Danube. It has a fine old cathedral and a bishop's palace and quite a number of industries. And it has a very up and coming lot of Juniors. They were organized by a Catholic sister, and almost all the children in the town are Juniors. They are divided into groups of forty boys or girls. Each girls' group adopts a baby, or, if the members are well-to-do, they may adopt more than one. In all, in the town and county, eighty adopted babies are being looked after by Juniors. Miss Catherine Olmsted, director of the division of nursing at the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris, was in Washington the other day and she told us about a visit she paid to Györ and what she saw there.

"As soon as the Juniors heard that I wanted to see one of their babies," she said, "all wanted to show them. It is 'My baby this,' and 'My baby that,' with those little girls. At last they had to draw lots to see which was to be shown off. Then the chairman of one of the groups, a girl twelve or thirteen years old, went with the Red Cross nurse and me to display the one chosen. We went into a little house that was ever so clean all over, but one corner was as spotless as a hospital. That corner had been roped off and the walls

had been whitewashed. Inside the rope was the baby's crib, as white as could be, with a clean hand woven rug on the speckless floor beside it. On the post at the entrance to the roped off space hung a white, long-sleeved apron. Before the girl went in to look after the baby, she slipped this on over her school dress. When she saw that the baby's bottle had fallen on the floor, she just *scolded* the mother for being careless. But the mother only smiled. You see, she was crippled and had three other little children and no husband, and she was ever so glad to have the Juniors take charge of her baby. They make its clothes, bring fresh milk, and prepare it twice a day and come to look after the comfort of their charge. They even do the washing for the little thing. And they pay for everything with the money they earn in all kinds of ways, like holding bazaars for the sale of things they have made and making and selling layettes.

"Sometimes the baby who is adopted has no mother. Then the Junior group will find a good person to take it and will pay her and will look after the baby in the ways I have told about. We went to see one of these babies and when we were leaving the Junior who was with us noticed that the doorstep was not very clean. 'Oh, dear!' she said, 'I wonder if we ought to leave our baby with this woman if she does not keep her doorstep clean.' The Red Cross nurse said she would manage to suggest to the woman, without hurting her feelings, that she might clean it, and she did.

* This is pronounced as if it were spelled "jeer".

"The Juniors look after their babies under the direction of the nurse, and a doctor visits the little ones now and then without charging anything. Then, too, the children bring their babies to the town health center.

"The boys do their share, too. I went into a boys' school where they have a manual training class. The president of one group of these Juniors could speak a little English, so he could tell me something about their work. I asked why they were making all the things I saw in the shop. He said, 'Oh, they are for the girls' babies.' And there they were, tiny beds and other things that the babies needed for furnishings. The girls help the boys, too. For instance, if the boys are giving a party, the girls will do the cooking for it.

"I talked with the superintendent of a boys' school about something very fine that his Juniors had done. He said that one bitter winter morning when there was such a blizzard that the schools were closed, he was awakened by a group of boys at his door. They wanted his permission to collect food and clothing and fuel for the refugees who were housed in an old soldiers' barracks six miles out of town. They are Hungarians who have come back from territory that

now belongs to Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, you know. Some of them have a hard time of it, especially in winter, and many of them are widows of soldiers. These Juniors had been worrying about all those people away out there in the wooden shacks in the cold.

"The superintendent told the boys they might go, if they would keep together in large groups and not stray

off and get lost in the snow. They promised, and then went to work like everything. They went from house to house, collecting a few sticks of wood or some coal here, a loaf of bread or a bit of meat there. Then they loaded their baskets on sleds and set out for the long tramp of twelve miles through the snow. On the way, they stopped and held a meeting at which they decided to make the first distribution to women with babies and the next to the widows. For five days those boys worked collecting things and pulling them out to the refugees. They actually saved lives, too, for they found people without anything to eat, and babies who were so ill that they took them on their sleds back to hospitals in Győr.

"In fact," said Miss Olmsted, "the spirit of service and the idealism of these Hungarian children and their devotion to the Red Cross are just amazing."

AN ORCHARD SKIRMISH

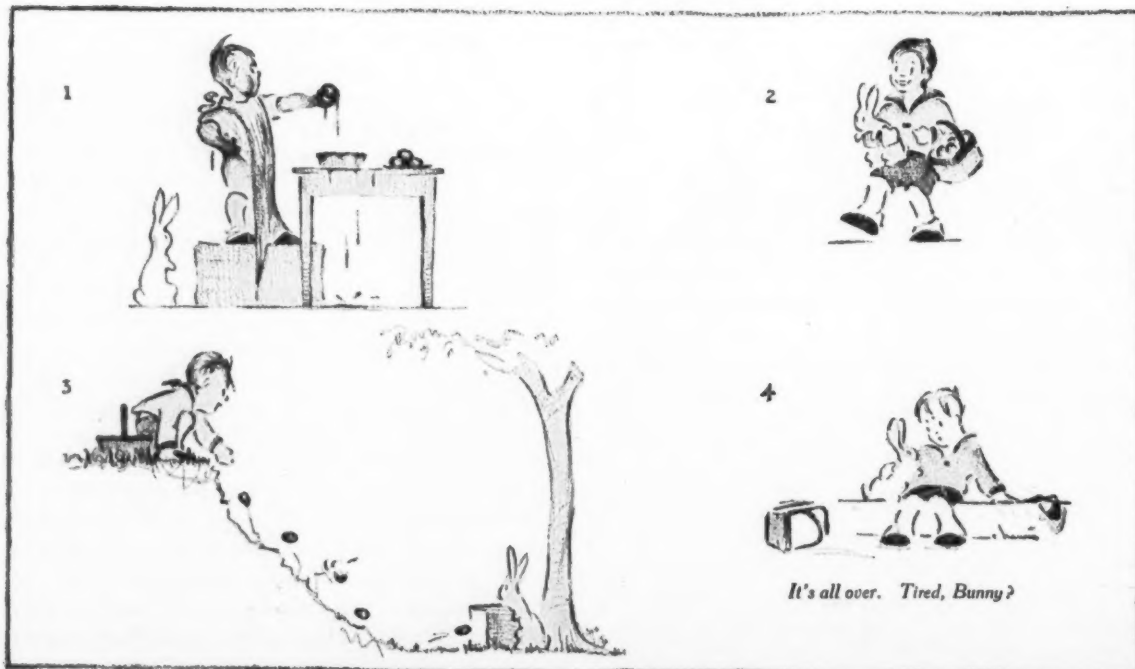
Ethel Blair Jordan

Our orchard's the aerial meet
Of the gay apple-blossom fleet,
Each aero-bloom manned by a frolicksome breeze.

Hark! A droning—a humming!
The Zeppelins are coming:
The blundering, plundering, fat bumblebees!

In merry mock-terror the bloom-squadrons fly
In pink-and-white clouds against blue-and-white sky!

Pee Tee's Egg Rolling



Help Save the Wild Flowers

ARE you helping to "Save the Wild Flowers?" Do you observe National Wild Flower Day?

Our beautiful wild flowers are fast disappearing. From every state come reports that the wood rovers are plucking them up by the roots, without regard for next year's crop. They are carrying away in their automobiles almost whole blossoming trees, such as the dogwood, Judas tree, pussy willows and the sweet wild crabapple and laurel. In many places the bitter-sweet of the countryside is entirely destroyed. This is why there is now a National Wild Flower Day in the schools to get all the boys and girls to help save the flowers.

The parents and grandparents of the boys and girls of today knew the woodlands when they were fairy-like places, filled with "Dutchman's breeches," red and white trilliums, gentians, lady's slippers, white, yellow and blue violets, mayflowers and scores of other lovely blooms that are all but extinct today. In many woods where these flowers once grew only a few anemones and blue violets and daisies now bloom in spring. One must go far, into remote places, to find any quantity of trailing arbutus and maidenhair fern and many of the well-loved wildings of the past.

Saving those that remain is largely in the hands of the young people. So says the founder of National Wild Flower Day, Albert E. Stillman, the naturalist and writer of San Diego, California. He has been carrying on a campaign for several years to interest teachers and pupils in wild flower conservation. Just as children are needed on Arbor Day to plant more trees, so are they needed to preserve the wild flowers and help them to multiply again as they used to before we had so many automobiles to invade their realms. Not that the whole trouble must be laid to the automobilists; for there are other reasons why the wild flowers are disappearing, such as cattle grazing, forest fires, the clearing of marshlands and the spread of civilization. Still, the motorists are responsible for a great deal of the vandalism that is going on.

In thousands of schools last year on April 24, National Wild Flower Day was observed with splendid programs. Teachers talked on the reason for the day, and pupils were taught scientific methods of flower picking and branch cutting. Pupils told the story of the day in the different rooms. They carried wonderful wild flower posters, showing



Photo by A. S. Hitchcock

Dogwood trees are ruthlessly broken

the flowers that grow in profusion and which may be freely picked, as well as the rarer ones, such as the orchids and fringed gentians, which must be protected. Wild flower poems were recited and nature dances given. In some instances the wild flower posters were exhibited by groups of pupils who took turns in telling about the flowers their posters represented. A wild flower pledge was recited, and in some schools the program included a trip to a woodland or park where the correct picking of wild flowers was demonstrated.

Mr. Stillman started to reach the boys and girls of the country through the columns of a young people's magazine published in the Middle West. This led to the harder work of reaching every public school of the country as well as the press and the great organizations. And one by one these are responding. Thousands of schools are coming to the rescue of the wild flowers. Famous naturalists and nature lovers are also helping—Ernest Thompson-Seton and Daniel Beard, Dr. Clara Barrus, literary executor of John Burroughs, the great naturalist, Emma Lindsay-Squier, the author of well known bird and animal stories, Mrs. Esther Mills, widow of the great Colorado naturalist, and many others. —M. W. H.



Photo by C. R. Shoemaker

One must go far now to find a jack-in-the-pulpit



These are the winners of the fly-killing contest which the Indian School in Albuquerque, New Mexico, held last spring

Junior Doings

THE sixth grade in the Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico, had been studying in their physiology lessons of the dangers of the house fly as a carrier of germs. One day about the middle of April the teacher asked the children to see how many flies each could kill before he came to school the next day. When the class assembled on the following morning the children reported from one to a hundred each. A contest was started and continued until the last of April when prizes were given to the boy and the girl who had killed the most flies. Each day before lessons were begun the fly-report was recorded on the blackboard.

The pupils became very enthusiastic as the number of fly victims increased. About this time the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS published a story containing the following:

"Kill a fly in spring, you've done a wonderful thing;
Kill a fly in May, you've kept thousands away;
Kill a fly in June, they'll be scarcer soon;
Kill a fly in July, you've killed only one fly."

With this as a slogan, the battle grew more furious. Each day the numbers increased. Around the girls' dormitory at any time of the day, little girls with swatters and folded papers could be seen swatting flies. Some even invaded the greenhouse in search of enemies, and garbage cans became fields of battle.

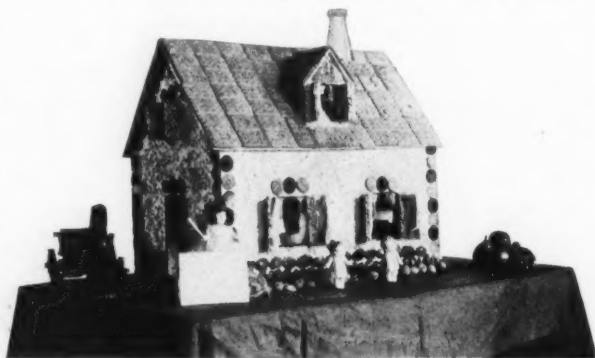
The boys who worked around the stables and barns came to school with faces beaming, for well they knew that their places of business were, for once, assets. One small boy was found in the hog pens, all alone, swatting flies for dear life and adding to his record by leaps and bounds.

The spirit of the thing spread quickly into other grades. Many an inquiring head was thrust into the room to glance at the records on the blackboard. One senior made a special trip to see how his sixth grade sister stood in the contest and when he discovered that she was far behind the other girls, he went right over to the carpenter shop, made her a fly swatter and presented it to her that day. Friends from other grades killed flies for their chums. One sixth grade girl even went so far as to hire other girls to assist her.

At the end of April, the boys had killed more than 19,000 flies and the girls 11,000. Since the enthusiasm was still high, the contest continued through May with the slogan, "Kill a fly in May, you've kept thousands away!" for the battle cry. At the end of the month the grand total was something over 200,000 for the entire class of seventy-eight pupils. The prizes were awarded, but the feeling that they had all performed a service for their school and society in general was the big thing in the minds of the pupils, especially when they tried to figure out how many flies they had kept away from their school for the entire summer.

MISS WILSON, the chief Red Cross nurse in Prince Edward Island, designed for a provincial exhibition the little House of Health shown in the picture. It was all made of things that are good to eat.

The foundation was of prunes, apricots and beans. The walls were stuccoed with oatmeal and decorated with slices of carrots and beets. The window shutters were of whole wheat bread, the sills of raisins, the curtains of lettuce leaves, the upper part of the dormer windows of shredded wheat biscuit, and the roof of graham



Courtesy Canadian Red Cross

The House of Health, made entirely of things good to eat

crackers. A bottle of milk made the chimney, and prunes were used for the door. The house even had a doorstep made of soap and a path of lima beans bordered with rice. Fruit and nuts were growing in the garden. A vegetable cart stood at the door and a Good Health Fairy guarded the entrance.

For another exhibition Miss Wilson prepared the Ark of Health. This was of wood and was painted bright orange. The roof and doors were black and gaily decorated with scarlet, bright blue, black and white. On board were Mrs. Noah, made of apples; Mr. Noah, made of a beet; pigs of lemons, birds of pears and grapes, spiders of tomatoes, a lion of raisins, a turkey of an orange, a mouse of a plum with a beet tail and a carrot nose, a crocodile of an ear of corn, an elephant of a beet, a potato and beans, a kangaroo of a parsnip and beans, a huge grasshopper of a banana and an onion, and many other animals cleverly designed from fruit and vegetables. The ark rode on a sea of paper pulp and glue, molded into waves and painted blue.

SOME of the Juniors of Westchester County, New York, have undertaken to exterminate the tent caterpillars which infest apple trees and destroy the buds.

THE other day when a portfolio was opened the fresh, strong perfume of sage brush filled the office. The portfolio came from the seventh grade of the public school at Gooding, Idaho. In a fine letter about their state and themselves, the pupils said:

"We are sending you a little package of sage brush and sage brush seed which grows on the dry plains in Idaho. Long ago most of Idaho was covered with this sage brush which is from two to six feet high. At that time there were very few towns and Indians lived in their forts here and there. Many of the early settlers lost their lives in battles with them. After some years the Indians were beaten and put on reserva-



Juniors of Pleven, Bulgaria, with the Easter eggs which they painted and sold to raise money for their Junior fund

spring at Asheville. Miss Nell Whaley, Junior field representative, was largely responsible for getting it into shape for their use.

"EVERY year on the Thursday before Easter, which we call Great Thursday," write some of the Juniors of Pleven, Bulgaria, "every one of us brings an egg to school and the teacher and children paint them together. On Easter Day committees visit the homes of the well-to-do citizens and sell them the painted eggs, greeting them on behalf of the Junior Red Cross organization in town and wishing them a 'Happy Easter.' We also present them with flowers and cards printed especially for the occasion. The money raised in this way is used for Junior purposes."

WITH the Sandusky River and local ponds covered with the finest looking ice imaginable, the children of the Hayes School at Fremont, Ohio, were very much interested in reading in the February JUNIOR NEWS the article, "The Top is the Safe Side of the Ice."

There was some discussion about rescue methods in case of ice accident, yet no one realized how soon they would come into play. But on Saturday, the Juniors had a chance to prove their mettle and it came about like this.

Norman Kaufman, aged eight, accompanied by Garver Oxley, who is only seven, and Jim Bollinger, another eight-year-old, went up the river to have a "weenie" roast near the lake shore bridge. While the other fellows were getting ready for cooking the "weenies," Garver felt the call of the

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National Photo

When the Japanese children are celebrating their cherry blossom festival at home, Sumi and Sada, on the other side of the world, are also walking under cherry trees in bloom. For the Tidal Basin in Washington is framed with the beautiful flowering trees of Japan which were sent as a gift to this country by the Mayor of Tokyo

ice. He soon found, though, that it was just a thin covering over some very cold water, much too deep for him to keep his head out. Jim Bolinger went to the rescue, but in spite of his precautions, he, too, went in. Then it was up to Norman Kaufman, who made a very good job of pulling the two boys out.

Of course, the weenie roast was called off and they hurried to the Bolinger home and changed into dry clothing and were put to bed together to prevent a chill. It was then that Jim realized what a wonderful thing Norman had done for him, for the following Monday was his birthday and he had almost missed the celebration!

Meantime all the Fremont youngsters re-read the story in the News and were anxious to study more about the life-saving methods of the Red Cross, which are available to Juniors who can learn them whether they are old enough to be officially decorated with the insignia or not.

OUTSTANDING features of the fair of Butler County, Ohio, were the health plays put on by five of the rural schools. They were so successful that they were repeated at grange and club meetings and at Sunday School entertainments throughout the country.

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COLLECTING eggs for hospitals is a favorite Junior project in Australia. This is the rhyme one group made up to put on the packages sent out:

Please, dear porter, and dear carrier, too,
We have a small favour to ask now of you:
We are eggs for the sick, so treat us with care,
Don't break us or crack us before we get there.
For if you were sick, just think whether you
Would like your eggs whole or made into stew.

THE Junior Red Cross of Costa Rica is working to install a First Aid emergency cabinet in every school in San Jose. It is also considering a plan to develop a home visiting service for the benefit of sick children.

THE pupils of the Nilo Pecanha School of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, write to the College Place School of Walla Walla, Washington:

"We also enjoy very much belonging to the Junior Red Cross. We are doing some work, which, after it is shown in the exposition at the end of the year, will be sent to the Red Cross as our contribution as members. Even the little ones in the first year like to make toys for the sick children in the hospital and all the classes like to contribute something for the album. We have the honor of being the first Brazilian school which joined the Junior Red Cross.

